WEEKLY VISITOR,

OR,

LADIES' MISCELLANY.

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,
"TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

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THE

VILLAGE GOSSIP,

Or, Memoirs of a Country Lady.

IN A SERIES OF NUMBERS.

(Continued from page 138.)

MY emotion so far overcame me, that I sunk on the floor: he endeavored to sooth me, to assure me of his love; but they were merely assurances called forth by a momentary repugnance. I persisted in refusing all pecuniary assistance, but promised to let him know my place of residence and with this promise he seemed easily satisfied.

Looking at my watch, I perceived that it was near noon; I was therefore obliged to request Mrs. Chumney would indulge me with the remainder of her interesting tale the next morning; this she obligingly promised, and I returned home. I found Leonard reading to Maria: they expressed much surprise at my long absence, as it is rather unusual for me to be out alone. I could not in honor reveal what I had heard; I therefore made some excuse, and left Leonard to continue his book, while I went to arrange some of my household concerns.

NO. VIII.

I was, for several following days, prevented, by a multiplicity of affairs, from hearing the remainder of Mrs. Chumney's story, and I feared she would attribute my long absence to wilful neglect; for, under degraded circumstances, every imaginary slight depresses the spirits equally with real calamity. In the afternoon of the day I made my first visit, Leonard took leave of us in a state of almost perfect convalescence; and, to speak truth, I was not sorry for his departure, as the visible alteration in Maria's manner, of late, had given me some concern: I did not doubt the rectitude of her heart, but I feared for its strength, when assailed by so interesting an object as young Somerton. Woolcomb also called to enquire concerning our health, and requested permission of Leonard to pay the same compliment to his sister, who I found had made some impression upon his mind: this was readily granted, and they went away together. The next morning we received an early visit from Miss Somerton, who brought an invitation to dine at Rose Dale, which we accepted, as the Stanley family were included.

Nothing material occurred during the day, except the increasing attentions of the young officer to Miss Somerton, who appeared in high spirits in consequence, and I perceived that Woolcomb was regarded favorably by the whole family; and I sincerely hope that Clara will so far control her idle propensities as to fix the approbation her personal advantages may have attracted. Woolcomb is of a good family; and in independent circumstances; frank and affable in his manner, and a young man who seems more likely to improve than corrupt her principles. Clara takes some pains to appear meritorious, and it shall be my most anxious care to convert the appearance into the reality, which I hope and trust will not be impracticable, as I look upon it her faults originate chiefly from inattention, and not any natural depravity. Mr. Somerton overwhelmed me with thanks for my attention to his children, and said so many gallant things upon the occasion, as created some good-humored raillery on all sides and the day passed away very pleasantly.

The next morning I sent Maria, with the servant, to purchase some articles at the market town, and I walked over to the cottage. Mrs. Chumney received me with an appearance of satisfaction, and her little one renewed her caresses: after the morning salutations were mutually exchanged, I requested a continuation of her narrative, which she immediately complied with.

I left the house of my patroness, said Mrs. Chumney, with tears of regret and secret anguish: I had previously secured a lodging at the other side of Hyde Park Corner, to which I immedi-

ately repaired, and assumed the name of Chumney. Being a tolerable needlewoman, I made no doubt of getting a decent livelihood by applying to the shops; and, as I had positively refused any pecuniary assistance from my lover, I knew the exertion of my talents would be absolutely necessary to provide sgainst approaching expenses, and I resolved not to write to him till I had every thing comfortable about me. A few mornings after, I accordingly walked into town to make the necessary application: the first shop I went to was one where I was formerly known, and from whence I expected a preference in consequence; but, upon my entrance the first object I encountered was my sister in deep mourning. She turned her eyes upon me with a look of ineffable scorn—I approached her with the extreme of terror.

For whom do you wear that dress? She replied, with the most cutting coldness, For my father.

My father, too! I exclaimed, as tears of agony stole down my cheeks.

Yes, said my sister; and a dutiful child you have been to him!

Oh! say, inhuman as you are, cried I, interrupting her, did he forgive me? —Never, she returned, with a vacant unfeeling stare. I clasped my hands in anguish, but made no reply, and she left the shop without deigning me another sentence: I returned home but I was incapable of completing the little task of work I had undertaken. A low nervous fever preyed on my spirits, and impaired my constitution, yet I lingered, in the hope of recovering, till destitute of necessaries: pride will fall before the approach of severe want. I wrote to Henry, requesting some pecuniary assistance: he came to me immediately, seemed shocked by my appearance, and arranged my affairs so as to afford me the prospect of present comfort. Oh! how gratefully did my heart feel this kindness, for I knew that the assistance he afforded me must greatly inconvenience himself: yet I felt a secret dissatisfaction at a belief which rose in my mind, that I owed his attentions more to pity than affection, and his departure from town, soon after, confirmed my opinion; for, though he desired I would not fail to let him know when I was in any distress, he seemed to express himself with an indifference that wounded my feelings most painfully. He was young, dissipated, and versatile: my personal attractions had vanished at the approach of sickness, want and disgrace—I was no longer an object of desire; and alas! the unhappy circumstances I have related prove how unworthy I was of esteem; and the reproach comes with aggravated keenness from the object upon whose account we have incurred it. Perceiving that I was now become a mere incumbrance, I permitted him to depart without recalling to his memory one transaction that could seem to bear the shadow of an upbraiding: and taught myself to consider this calamity but as part of the punishment I had deservedly incurred.

The most laudable motives will not justify the breach of our sacred duties: and I was most righteously become the victim of my own generosity, for still loving with the most extreme fondness. I considered the loss of his regard as the extent of my misery: hope had hitherto deluded me, and a weak confidence had induced me to form romantic ideas which now vanished like an idol vision. Who forms expectations without virtue to claim, or reason to sanction, deserves disappointment: and I bowed submissive to the Hand which corrected my arrogance.

I was expecting daily to give birth to our unfortunate babe, whose innocent smiles would prove at once my delight and reproach. Oh! Madam, what a situation was mine!—the fate perhaps of too many others, who yielding to the weakness of their hearts, sacrifice fame, competence, and happiness, to the gratification of an imprudent attachment, to entail disgrace and opprobrium upon innocence, and to have the fondest emotions of maternal love embittered by the agonizing consciousness of guilt.

Mrs. Chumney seemed too much affected to proceed with ease: and, as I could not be long absent from home without breaking the usual order of my domestic arrangements I begged her to defer the remainder of her story till the next morning, and returned home.

NO. IX.

All my precautions have been useless; the mischief is done, and the parties must take the consequence. I yesterday morning surprised Maria in tears, and enquired the cause with anxious solicitude: this but made them flow the faster.

I fear to tell you, said she; but do not think Somerton guilty of any premeditated crime: he perceived my weakness, which drew from me an involuntary profession of partiality. In short, my dear aunt, I can no longer conceal or deny that I prefer Leonard: I know you will blame me but I have banished him from me for ever.

I own this speech, and the manner in which it was delivered, distressed me greatly, and I took some moments to consider my answer; at length I said:

You are right, Maria, to make me thus early acquainted with your sentiments; the confidence of youth is, to age, the highest gratification, and both evinces the purity of the heart, and affords an opportunity of realizing the wishes of such an heart. As far as concerns your engagement with Stanley, I can say little: it is a matter that requires serious deliberation and mutual agreement: it has ever been my ultimate desire to promote your happiness; the means were to me but secondary considerations. I would not tolerate a breach of faith, except when such a breach may be justified by more material concerns; and of such importance I take matrimonial felicity to be: nor shall I attempt to regulate the feelings of your heart, in proposing an union with Stanley. I conceived I but did my duty in directing your affections to a worthy object, while they were yet unsophisticated by passion or prejudice; but, if nature takes a contrary bent, it is no longer proper for the parent to oppose with violence inclinations which acquire additional force by the control; all left, in such a case, is rather to point out error, if there be such, by persuasion, and correct with prudent caution. I would have you, Maria, be carefully guarded against dazzling appearances. Leonard is engaging, I allow; but he may nevertheless be worthless: a pleasing exterior often conceals a multitude of vices. We know nothing of his real character, nor have we had sufficient time to judge him by our own opinion and observation. In fact, I cannot presume to direct you further than I have already done: you are old enough now to think and act for yourself; nor shall my authority interfere where I perceive no appearance of danger.

(To be continued)

Selected Biography

MISS LINWOOD.

THIS lady, whose talents are the admiration of the age, and who, indeed, stands unrivalled as an artist in Needle-work, was born in Warwickshire; but was removed in early infancy to Leicester, where she has ever since chiefly resided. Her family, however is of Northamptonshire, and some of her ancestors were representatives of that county in Parliament.

In the year 1782, a friend sent her, for inspection, a large collection of prints, in various styles of engraving, with no other view than that of affording a casual amusement. Inspecting them with the eye of genius, Miss Linwood conceived that the force of an engraving might be united with the softness of a mezzotinto; but, being totally unacquainted with any process in that art, she had no instrument by which to make the experiment but her needle. With that she endeavored to realize her first idea, by copying such prints as most engaged her attention, with the rovings of pure colored silk, upon white sarsenet. The needle, in her hand, soon became like the plastic chissel of Praxiteles upon a block of marble:—she touched the ground-work, and the figures started into form.

Encouraged by the liberal applause bestowed upon these first attempts, she made copies of them upon an enlarged scale; and the Empress of Russia being then considered as the grand patroness of the arts, and her court becoming the repository of every ingenious production in Europe, Miss Linwood was persuaded, by the then embassador from the court of Petersburgh, to present a specimen of her unrivalled work to the Empress. Not having, at that time, a thought of making a collection, Miss Linwood consented, and consigned a large picture to Petersburgh, which, in October, 1783, was presented to her imperial majesty, by her then favorite general, Landskoy.—She expressed the highest admiration of the performance; said—"It was exquisite in that branch of art; unquestionably the first in the world;" and ordered the general to make such a return to Miss Linwood as might be worthy of the work, and of herself. But the death of that general frustrated these liberal intentions, no one presuming to mention any thing which had reference to him in the presence of her majesty.—The picture, however, is particularly honored, and occupies a favored situation in the emperor's palace.

The first essay made by Miss Linwood to imitate paintings was in 1785; and she so far succeeded, that, in the following year, she addressed to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, &c. a St. Peter, from Guido; a Head of Lear, from Sir Joshua Reynolds; and a Hare, from the Houghton Collection. For these the Society complimented her with a medal, on which is engraved—"*For excellent Imitations of Pictures in Needlework.*"—This was the first, and, we believe, the only instance of the Society's presenting a medal for this species of art.

Encouraged by this flattering distinction, Miss Linwood made great additions to her collection, and, in the year 1789, copied the Salvator Mundi, from a picture of Carlo Dolci, in the earl of Exeter's possession, for which exquisite production, she has since been offered the prodigious sum of three thousand guineas.

Miss Linwood is entitled to the patriotic praise of having wrought the first banner which was offered to any military association since the commencement of the late war, and had the honor of presenting it, in 1794, to the united corps of cavalry and yeomanry in Leicestershire. The very appropriate design was her own, and the workmanship was executed with a neatness which rarely has been united with so powerful an effect.

We have been informed, that Miss Linwood never was regularly instructed in drawing, which may be considered as the grammar of her art; but, certain it is, that, by studious application, she has acquired the powers of designing and executing, in crayons, distemper, and colors, with accuracy, taste, and spirit.

Her first thought of making an exhibition of her own paintings, originated from some pictures which were sent to the Royal Academy having been refused admission; as one of the regulations of that institution is, that they do not admit any thing to be exhibited in needle-work. Nothing can more completely evince the absurdity of such a regulation, than the applause and attention which Miss Linwood's performances have obtained from a discerning public; an attention which reflects equal credit on the taste of the metropolis, and the talents of the artist.

JEFFRY HUDSON.

THIS famous English dwarf was born at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, in 1619; and about the age of seven or eight years, being then but eighteen inches high, was retained in the service of the duke of Buckingham, who resided at Burleigh on the Hill. Soon after the marriage of Charles I. the king and queen being entertained at Burleigh, little Jeffry was served up to table in a cold pie, and presented by the duchess to the queen, who kept him as her dwarf. From seven years of age till thirty, he never grew taller; but after thirty he shot up to three feet nine inches, and there fixed. Jeffry became a considerable part of the entertainment of the court.

Sir William Davenport wrote a poem called Jeffreidos, on a battle between him and a turkey-cock; and in 1638 was published a very small book called, a New-Year's Gift, presented at court by the lady Parviula to the lord Minimus (commonly called Little Jeffry) her majesty's servant, &c. written by Microphilus, with a little print of Jeffry prefixed. Before this period, Jeffry was employed on a negociation of great importance: he was sent to France to procure a midwife for the queen; and on his return with a lady of that profession, and her majesty's dancing master, together with many rich presents for the queen, from her mother Mary de Medicis, he was taken by the Dunkirkers. Jeffry being thus become a man of consequence, began to think himself so in reality. He had frequently been chagrined with the teazing of the courtiers and domestics, and had many squabbles with the queen's gigantic porter. At length being provoked by Mr. Crofts, a young gentleman of family, a challenge ensued, and Mr. Crofts coming to the rendezvous armed with *a squirt*, the little creature was so enraged that a real duel ensued; and the appointment being on horseback

with pistols, to put him more on a level, Jeffry, with the first fire, shot his antagonist dead. This happened in France, whither he had attended his mistress in the troubles. Jeffry was again taken prisoner by a Turkish rover, and sold in Barbary.

In 1644, he attended the queen to France, where he remained till the restoration. At last, upon suspicion of his being privy to the Popish plot, he was taken up in 1682, and confined in the Gatehouse, Westminster, where he ended his days in the 63d year of his age.

ON CELIBACY AND MARRIAGE.

IN a society of gentlemen, who meet weekly for their mutual entertainment, the conversation one night turned upon Marriage; and as some of the members were married, and some unmarried, there were advocates for and against the conjugal state. The bachelors insisted much on the levity of women's tempers; their fondness for dress and show; their extravagance; their inconstancy; and the like.——It was observed by the gentlemen of the other side, that general censures hurt nobody; and that it was justly deemed illiberal and absurd to involve the whole in the guilt and miscarriages of a part.

The conversation, hitherto, had been general; but here an appeal was ludicrously made to the opinion of a young gentleman in company, who had modestly declined taking any share in the debate, and who, about three weeks before, had married a very agreeable woman. He determined, without hesitation, that marriage was the happiest state upon earth.——To this judgment, however, a bachelor objected, as being given within the month.

"I determine not," said the young gentleman, "upon so narrow a bottom as my own, or any other single man's experience; I go upon the opinion of mankind,—the experience of all ages. Were not men's principles corrupted, and their prejudices strengthened by bad habits, they would as naturally fly to this state for happiness, as the branch adheres to the tree that supports it. From the neglect of one's duty, to the contempt of the rule which enjoins it, is a very natural transition. Men of debauched lives, and loose principles, first neglected marriage, and then reviled it.

"Had the law of marriage only been adopted where Judaism or Christianity prevailed, what advantages would not infidels and libertines have drawn from that circumstance?——But they know, and must acknowledge, that the case is quite otherwise. We find marriage an universal rite, which has prevailed in all ages, and in all countries; very different in mode, but in design and essence every where the same. Wherever virtue and simplicity of manners have prevailed, marriage has been in repute; as these have declined, men have gradually shaken off its salutary restraints. While our ancestors were uncorrupted by luxury and dissipation, their sons were healthy and brave,—their daughters amiable and virtuous: marriage was then esteemed honorable,—concubinage disgraceful. Experience shows, that education and example have great influence in forming the minds and manners of men and women: these, it must be owned, have had their natural effect, and the times are sadly changed. The happy talent of being content with the little that Nature wants is now rarely to be met with.——Ambition craves, Fraud and Oppression supply, and Luxury consumes; Vice and Folly, like a deluge, bear all before them; Piety is fled, and Virtue droops the head.——If bad example can operate, if want of principle can inflame, no wonder if all ranks are corrupted; no wonder if honor, and duty, and gratitude, have no place in minds by education and bad example totally perverted.

"But while I thus, with just warmth, express my sentiments of the times in general, let me with candor and pleasure acknowledge, that there are illustrious and innumerable exceptions;—that in all ranks may be found men and women of strict probity and virtue, who have had the happiness of a sober education, and decent example; and who are, consequently, in a good degree, qualified for discharging the respective duties of life with credit and applause. Would people of virtue and principle, of both sexes, despising every other consideration, make it a rule to form connections among these only, matters would quickly take a different turn among us;—then would the friends of virtue and religion be known and respected;—then would the honor and peace of families be secure: the rains of adversity might descend, the winds of temptation might blow, the floods of bad example might beat, against a family thus founded upon principle; but it would stand, being built upon a rock. On the other hand, if both sexes, in the great and important concern of settling in the world, will suffer themselves to be chiefly influenced by mean and mercenary motives, the consequences must often be fatal to their own peace, and to the interests of society.

"'Tis true, my friend, I have not been quite a month married; but in less than half that time a man may make a shrewd guess of what he is afterward to expect.—It was neither her beauty, nor her fortune (though in both these respects she had some merit), that induced me to court the woman I have married; I have lived too long in the world, not to have observed that a woman may possess both these in a high degree, and yet be greatly deficient in those qualities which a man of sense would rather wish in a partner for life. I thought my friend had good sense, an agreeable temper, and a feeling heart, and have, as yet, had no reason to think that I mistook her character. I am conscious that, in the course of our acquaintance and courtship, I never endeavored to impose false qualities upon her, nor did I wish to conceal any peculiarities or foibles in my own temper and character: I should have looked upon such conduct as equally immoral and impolitic;—immoral, as it would have been plain deceit and over-reaching; impolitic, as I should have thereby exposed myself to her just reproaches afterward. I even acquainted her relations of some unfavorable circumstances in my worldly affairs, which they otherways could not have then known; for the man who can conceal the truth, and, much more, he who can tell a direct falsehood upon such an occasion, cannot respect himself, and therefore, can never hope the esteem of a woman of sense and virtue.

"I have long thought it one of the capital reasons that so many marriages are unhappy, that the contracting parties fondly lay their account with an exemption from every thing disagreeable; an exemption which no human being is

entitled to look for in this world, where every state of life has its own peculiar inconveniences. To have fewer of these than any other, or to have them counterbalanced with greater satisfactions, is sufficient to give marriage the preference in a considering mind. I believed my friend had many virtues, but I considered them as the virtues of a woman.

"I knew that accidents could ruffle, and often had ruffled, my own temper; and, therefore, told her, that she was neither to be angry nor disappointed if she sometimes found it so after we had come together. She was so far from being alarmed at this honest discovery, that, with an amiable sweetness in her voice and manner, she charmingly said ——'If I knew myself perfect, I should hope perfection in you:—let us always mean well, and never expect too much.'

"Upon these principles, and with these precautions, my friends, I have ventured upon the conjugal state; and I think I must be much wanting to myself if ever I have occasion to repent it. I knew perfectly well, that enlarging one's connections was enlarging the circle of possible evils, and real distress; but I knew, likewise, that it was, by parity of reason, enlarging the sphere of one's enjoyments. To bear with the frailties, to share in the eventual distresses, of a woman of virtue, to whom one lies under the highest obligations, has so much of duty and gratitude in it, that however painful, it can never be insupportable to a good mind. How agreeable must it be to share in all her pleasures, to contribute to her happiness, to rejoice in every thing propitious that happens to her!—I have now the happiness to know, that there is one person in the world to whom my concerns are very dear—one with whom I can have no reserves—one who, in sickness or in health, in affluence or in poverty, will stick by me closer than a brother, alleviate my distresses, and give a relish to my joys: in one word, I cheerfully subscribe to Mr. Dryden's opinion, that

'Our grandsire Adam ere of Eve possest,
'Though ev'n in Paradise, remain'd unblest.'

The bachelor was just going to reply; but it wanting but ten minutes of eleven, the further consideration of the subject was put off till the next meeting.

(*Debate continued in page 155.*)

EULOGY ON TIME.

FOR ages past the world has loaded Time with reproaches and invectives; he is treated as the universal destroyer: he is accused of overturning every thing, of ruining the most solid monuments, of bringing in his train old age and death; in fine of covering the universe with ravages and ruins. We shall avenge the respectable old man of the injustice and the ingratitude of his detractors, by showing that, although he is the author of some inevitable evils he knows how to compensate them amply by the numerous favors which he confers upon mankind.

Follow a man from his cradle to his tomb:—with Time he arrives at walking and speaking; with Time his limbs grow strong, and his organs develope themselves; with the assistance of Time he adorns his mind with every species of knowledge which can contribute to his happiness. His heart speaks—the passions awake—increase in violence—rise to their summit—the tempest is formed; and, the sport of a thousand contrary winds, the Unfortunate rolls from rock to rock at the mercy of the enraged waves. In vain does reason present him its torch; the thickness of the clouds obscures its light, and this very guide, struck by the tempest, serves only to lead him astray by its frequent oscillations. Who, then, can appease the multitudinous waves?—who restores a calm, and at length conducts the shipwrecked mariner into a salutary port?——Time: he, alone, extinguishes the fire of desire, suppresses the fury of the passions, and brings back to the heart of man peace and happiness. Suppose his fortune unequal to his wants, and that he must labor; it is only with the assistance of Time that he can obtain the ease which he desires; it is Time which gradually makes known his merit, and, at length, opens to him the road to honors and lucrative employments.

Lelia complains that Time has withered her charms; but by how many kindnesses has he indemnified her for this loss? Love for an ingrate consumed her heart, and constituted the torment of her life; Time has destroyed the illusion, and restored peace to her mind. A cruel sickness undermined her health; all medicine was of no avail: Time alone has effected for her a perfect cure.

Cephisa lost a beloved husband; her friends lavished their consolations upon her in vain: they only irritated her grief. Time came; his beneficent hand poured the balm of consolation into her afflicted heart; and Cephisa, forgetting the dead, has resumed, in favor of the living, her native gaiety and charms.

Linval strove to please the young and agreeable Cidalise: in vain did he employ all the resources which nature and education gave him; his efforts were to no purpose.—Linval had recourse to Time: Time softened the heart of his mistress, and crowned the wishes of the fortunate Linval.

Sainville was oppressed with debt; he came to a settlement with his creditors, who allowed him Time. Time brought about the death of a rich relative, to whom he was heir; Time amassed for him some savings; Time gave him a wealthy and beautiful widow for his wife, and Sainville paid his creditors.

With Time, we arrive at the end of all things; without Time we can do nothing,——I would gladly execute that business for you, says your friend, but I have not Time.—Why has this Work so many faults? Because the author did not take due Time in its compilation. ——Why is this Eulogy on Time so short, when the subject is so capable of amplification? It is, because I have not Time to write more, and have a regard for the Time of its readers.

FATAL EFFECTS OF CURIOSITY.

Exemplified in a narrative founded on facts.

IN the voluminous catalogue of infirmities incident to human nature, few are more conspicuous than CURIOSITY. The human mind is, in most instances, pervaded by a spirit of enquiry: when curbed by the regulating hand of discretion, it is laudable; but an impertinent anxiety to enquire into the secrets of individuals, is highly reprehensible.

The fair part of the creation have been proverbially branded with the encouragement of this infatuation, and I fear with too large a portion of justice.

The following instance of the fatal effects of ill-timed curiosity actually occurred some years ago in a neighboring kingdom. May the perusal of it act as a buoy, to warn my country-women from yielding to the allurements of so disgusting a folly!

Emma Fitzallan was blessed with the bounties of Providence: Affluence hailed her its mistress, and added sweets to the happiness she experienced in the possession of a fond and amiable husband, and a youthful progeny. The rich courted her friendship, and the guileless orisons of the poor solicited her welfare: to be brief, she was (in as great a degree as the state of humanity will admit) virtuous, and completely happy.

But human nature cannot be perfect. She had one failing, which, on a superficial view, appears insignificant, but which (with pain I relate it) hurled her from the towering summit of earthly bliss, into the terrific gulph of misery ———it was *Curiosity!*

In pursuance of this infirmity, she constantly inspected the letters forwarded to her husband during his absence from home. One day, she, in a careless manner, opened and read the following epistle:—

DEAR FITZALLAN,

Our unfortunate attachment gives me infinite anxiety. If our amour should be discovered, the consequence will be————.

The heart broken Emma could read no further—the letter fell from her convulsed grasp—and she sunk lifeless on the floor of her chamber.

When the afflicted wife regained the use of her suspended faculties, rage entered her breast; and on the return of her husband she upbraided him, in bitter terms, with the gross violation of the nuptial bed. In vain Fitzallan protested his unsullied innocence. Emma persisted in the charge, and left the apartment in a state of mind bordering on insanity.

Oppressed by the most excruciating mental agony, the ill Fitzallan, in a paroxism of phrenzy, formed the *dreadful* and *impious* resolution of abridging the term of his existence, and effected this terrific purpose almost instantaneously.

The report of a pistol brought the unfortunate wife to witness the voluntary dissolution of her husband! I will not pretend to depicture the dreadful scene——my humble pen shrinks from the attempt.

The succeeding morn added an increase of horror. A servant enquired at the mournful mansion for a *letter*, which had by mistake, arising from a *similarity* of *names*, been delivered to the wretched Emma on the preceding day. The miserable widow, convinced of the purity of her murdered husband's conduct, fell a shocking example of the *Fatal Effects of Curiosity.*

CHARACTER OF

A GOOD NEIGHBOR.

A GOOD neighbor is like a spring-trap, ready to catch you for every trespass, either accidental or intended. He smiles in your face, and yet for a shilling would cut your throat. He is always extremely civil while you have a good tap and make him welcome to taste it; but no sooner is your barrel empty than he discontinues his visits. If you ask him to eat a bit of mutton at your table, every thing is choice, excellent, and so forth; but no sooner does he meet any of his companions than he either censures you for extravagance, or taxes you with meanness, and makes your family and domestic economy the objects of his ridicule and animadversion.

A good neighbor will see your servants defraud you, your enemies traduce you, and your credit and interest sinking in the world, without putting you on your guard, or giving you the least intimation of what he has heard, provided he thinks you are unacquainted with it; but he no sooner knows that you are no stranger to the business, than he approaches you with looks of affected condolance, expresses his concern for your misfortune, says he always feared it would happen so, and assures you that he often wished to inform you of what every body but yourself knew, only he was apprehensive that you would have regarded him as a busy-body, and one who concerned himself with other people's affairs—a character he had always despised. In your presence he will throw out his hypocritical cant, and endeavor to convince you how much he has your interest at heart; but no sooner is your back turned than he laughs at the fool who gave credit to his assertions, and joins the voice of Malevolence, and the censure of Ignorance. Of all things he seems most fearful that you should do too well in the world, or have too much business; and if you are really deserving of success, and likely to obtain it, he sets all engines to work to fix some stigma on your conduct, nor even loses an opportunity of detracting from your industry, or your integrity.

Should your most inveterate enemy propagate any falshood to your prejudice, no sooner does a *good* neighbor get hold of it, than he industriously circulates the aspersion to prevent its being lost; and in every public company starts the subject with feigned expressions of sorrow, and cautions against implicitly believing it; though he takes care, at the same time, to intimate that it comes from extraordinary good authority.—If your moral or religious character, your temper, or your education, happen to be the topic of conversation, with an expressive motion of the head, or significant wink, he gives his associates to understand, that these things are now-a-days but little regarded; and that, if a man has but money, he is every thing that the world esteems. This doctrine, he is fully convinced, is literally true in modern times; and, therefore, that you may not get the start of him in esteem, he exerts every effort to keep you poor.

Should you be attacked behind your back in the most virulent manner, tho' he makes a feint of defending you, he nevertheless thinks this a favorable opportunity of enumerating all your failings and misfortunes, from your birth to the present moment; and concludes with saying,—He believes you mean well, but that you are misled by your passions, governed by your wife, or ill-advised by pretended friends.

All this, however, is done under the mask of good neighborhood; and to villify you to the world, and expose every little foible or oversight he may have a better opportunity of observing than others, is only acting like a man who wishes you well from his heart, and would do any thing to serve you. In a word, a *good* neighbor is a perpetual mask internally false, but externally

fair; a raven hovering over your carcass, from the hopes of some spoil; a sea-gull that will hunt you, were it only for your ordure; and the very reverse, in every respect, of what you would wish him to be, and he affects to appear.

THE BIRTH OF SENSIBILITY.

ONE beautiful serene summer evening, after rambling in a grove of laurels till the lamp of night arose and gilded the objects around me, I seated myself on the bank of a winding river. A weeping-willow spread over me its branches, which, drooping, swept the stream. An antique tower, partly in ruins, mantled in ivy, and surrounded with yew and cypress, was the only building to be seen.

I had been reading a melancholy tale, which, in strong colors, impressed itself on my memory, and led me to reflect on the strange pleasure we sometimes feel in perusing the most tragical story. What, said I, can occasion it? Can the human heart delight in the misfortunes of another? Forbid it, Heaven! My eyes were fixed on the surface of the water: the soft beams of Luna sported on the waves; all Nature seemed hushed to repose; when a gentle slumber stole over my senses, and methought a being, of an angelic form, seated herself beside me. A mantle of the palest sapphire, hung over her shoulders to the ground; auburn hair fell in waving curls on her fine neck; and a white veil, almost transparent, shaded her face: as she lifted it up, she sighed, and continued for some moments silent. Never did I behold a countenance so delicate; and, notwithstanding a smile played upon her coral lips, her lovely blue eyes were surcharged with tears, and resembled violets dropping with dew. Beneath her veil she wore a wreath of jasmine and mingled amaranths.

Wonder not, said she, in accents soft as the breath of Zephyr, that a state of woe can please. I am called Sensibility, and have been from infancy your constant companion. My sire was Humanity, and my mother Sympathy. I (the offspring of their loves) was born in a cavern, overshadowed by myrtles and orange trees, at the foot of Parnassus, and consigned to the care of Melpomene, who fed me with honey from Hybla, and lulled me to rest with plaintive songs and melancholy music. On one side of the cavern ran a stream from Helicon, and in the trees around it the doves and nightingales built their nests. I make it my sole care to augment the felicity of some favored mortals, who, nevertheless, repine at my influence, and would gladly be under the dominion of Apathy. Alas! how inconsiderate! If the rose has thorns, has it not a vermeil tincture and ambrosial sweetness? If the woodbine droops, laden with the dewdrops of the morning, when the sun has exhaled them, will it not be refreshed, and breathe richer fragrance? So if a heart be touched with a story of distress, it will at the same time experience delightful sensasions. If the tears often flow, say, can you call it weakness? Can you wish to be divested of this genuine test of tenderness, and desire the departure of Sensibility?

—Ah! no fair nymph!—still deign to be my attendant: teach me to sigh with the wretched, and with the happy to rejoice. I am now sensible that the pleasure which arises from the legends of Sorrow, owes its origin to the certain knowledge that our hearts are not callous to the finer feelings; but that we have some generous joys, and generous cares, beyond ourselves!

Scarcely had I pronounced these words when the loud tolling of the village bell broke the fetters in which Morpheus had bound me, and dispelled the airy illusion.

I am, &c,

OLD RAZOR.

THE UNFORTUNATE GALLANT.

ONE of the private secretaries to Louis XV, being connected with the wife of a citizen, found the husband a very troublesome impediment to his amour, and to get him out of the way, gave to the king among other papers for the royal signature, a lettre de cachet for committing him to the Bastile. The king signed it without reading it; but the civil officer to whom it was given to execute, happened to be acquainted with the citizen, and gave him private information to get out of the way. This, master citizen very prudently did; telling his wife that business might detain him from Paris for three or four days. On his departure, the woman sent for her paramour, who, after a petite souper with his fair-one, retired to bed with her.

In the middle of the night the officers of justice arrived, and all the doors flew open in an instant: the secretary was seized,—it was in vain that he protested he did not belong to the house: the officer told him he was obliged to consider the man that he found in bed with the mistress, as master of the house, and master secretary was very properly committed to close custody for the remainder of his life.

ANECDOTES.

A FRENCH general passing thro' a village was suddenly attacked by an illness, which required bleeding immediately, the surgeon of the place presented himself to perform the operation; but his abilities not being expressed in his countenance, the general showed some reluctance to commit himself to the surgeon's hands, who asked him if he was afraid of bleeding? No: answered the general; but I'll frankly acknowledge that I am afraid of the *bleeder*.

It was once the custom for gentlemen to wear their locks curled in a peculiar fashion. A sparkish academic, who had more hair than brains, being sitting next a wag, the latter gently touching one of his locks said, "Sir, it is very fine upon my word, yet I fancy it is not *Locke upon Human Understanding*.

I'll save you a thousand pounds, says an Irishman to an old gentleman, if you don't stand in your own light. How? —You have a daughter, and you intend to give her ten thousand pounds as a marriage portion—I do—Sir, I will take her with nine thousand.

A servant, terrified, ran into the study of the learned Bude, to acquaint him that the house was on fire! Go, answered he, and inform your mistress of it; you know very well that I never meddle in domestic concerns.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

FIX'd in his worm-worn seat, from day to day,
Arm'd with the ensigns of his petty rule,
With age bent double, and with years grown grey,
Behold the sov'reign of the village school.

And yet, with judgment sound, behold him trace,
Amidst the incessant buzz that floats around,
The various merits of the infant race,
The various soils, the good or barren ground.

The human face, so sages tell us, shows,
(And to their laws what mortals can be blind?)
It indicates, as shrewd Lavater knows,
The never-varying index of the mind.

If this be true, then in *this face* we see
The London merchant worth a double plum;
In *that* (and spare it, oh! ye fatal three),
The shrilly fife and battle-stirring drum.

In *these* strong lineaments we view the plough,
In *those* the forge, the anvil, and the file;
In *one* we find the hero's laurell'd brow,
In *t'other* mark the scholar's polish'd style.

Here stalks, with briefs and parchments cover'd o'er,
The future lawyer, full of quibs and quirks;
There shines a second Hales, the sound divine,
The embryo author of some matchless works.

'Tis easy to discover in *this face*,
Without the aid, indeed, of second sight,
Another mighty Nimrod of the chase,
Of hounds and hunters bold the darling wight.

In *that* we trace, devoid of ev'ry art,
Of manners gentle and affections mild,
While with compassion throbs the feeling heart,
Of chilling penury the patient child.

On soils, or good or bad, man's lot is cast;
And each, with pleasure or with pain, we find
The part, whate'er it be, from first to last,
The part performs which Providence assign'd.

SEPARATION.

THE worst of tortures Fate can find
To lacerate the feeling mind,
Or rob the soul of rest,
Is when its adverse laws ordain
That Separation's pow'rful pain,
Should agonize the breast.

Oh! 'tis an anguish too severe
For even Hope to soothe, or cheer,
Though deck'd in radiance bright:
For, like dense vapors which arise,
And cast a gloom upon the skies,
It soon obscures her light.

Its torturing pangs, alas! are found
More poignant than the keenest wound,
That venom'd darts can send;
For fortitude can suffer pain,
But, oh! to part, and not again
Rejoin, a much lov'd friend,

Corrodes, as well as pains, the heart,
Makes ev'ry nerve with anguish smart,
And ev'ry bliss destroys;
Remembrance, with officious zeal,
Increases ev'ry pang we feel,
Recurring to past joys.

And oft, amidst the gloom of night,
It brings Louisa to my sight,
Then leaves me to deplore;
In ev'ry dream I likewise see
Some tender proofs of love tow'rds me,
And, waking, feel 'tis o'er.

Ah! no, though distance may divide,
Affection still will be her guide;
Still, like the needle true,
Her thoughts will turn towards that pole
Which seem'd to guide her chasten'd soul,
Though not within her view.

And Mem'ry's pencil oft shall paint,
In colors neither cold nor faint,
The portrait of a friend;
One whom, through ev'ry scene of life,
Whether of pleasure, pain, or strife,
She firmly may depend.

Then, why should Separation's pow'r
Impress with gloom each future hour,
Why ev'ry bliss destroy?
Still our united thoughts shall greet,
And, though divided, they shall meet,
And thus partake of joy.

TO INNOCENCE.

From the Sorrows of Love.

HAIL, lovely Innocence! thou pow'r divine,
Amid my wand'rings still around me shine!
Whether along the rural meads I stray,
Or through the world's false windings urge my way;
O let thy charms still cheer my ravish'd view,
Enlight my soul, and heartfelt bliss renew.
The paths of vice ne'er let me wilder'd range,
Nor thy calm peace for Guilt's sad joys exchange;
Far from the haunts of guile, and false deceit,
Conduct my steps, and guide my wand'ring feet:
My toils still cheer, and, when life's trials close,
Raise me to climes where joy unceasing flows.

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